

DALLAS PUBLIC LIBRARY



X52993268

929.20973 D152YD 1878

Dalton, Robert H.
(Robert Hunter), b.
A brief history of the
Dalton family and the
1878.

Genealogy

010501

Dallas Public Library

GENEALOGY

A BRIEF HISTORY
OF
THE DALTON FAMILY AND THE HUNTERS

By

Robert H. Dalton, M. D.

1806 - 1900

Neosho, Missouri

January 15, 1878

REFERENCE

929
.20973
D152YD
1878

Public Library

MAR 04 2003

Dallas, Texas

The name Dalton is Norman French and was originally De Alton as I have learned from various sources, indeed some of the branches retain the name until today. The English progenitor is said to have come from Normondy with William the Conqueror and there seems to be a legend coming down through every branch of the family, that, for distinguished military service he was ennobled and endowed with a very large estate. But of that no one can be certain, though the name of Count De Alton does occur in remote English history.

In the course of time the family became numerous in both England and Ireland and now many branches are living in America. Of those in England some have become distinguished, for instance, Dr. John C. Dalton, author of the 'Atomic Theory'. Those in Ireland, being Catholics have lived for ages in poverty and few have risen above the grade of ordinary labor, but latterly they have risen and have begun to figure in the priesthood. In America there is now Dr. John C. Dalton, of New York, the great physiologist who ranks with Carpenter of England, and his father was also a distinguished professor, lately in one of the medical schools in New York.

In the early part of the last century, my great-grandfather, with two of his brothers migrated to America and settled first in New Jersey leaving their elder brother in possession of a large estate by the law of primogeniture. This estate lay in Yorkshire, not far from Hull, and after the death of this brother, who was a disolute bachelor and died without issue it became the object of long litigation, but so far as I have been informed no part of it has ever been recovered by his heirs. In 1860 there was again very great excitement among all who bore the name, or were descended from the Dalton family, in regard to this estate, on account of newspaper items which were making the rounds in regard to it at that time. I received some very amusing letters at that time written by persons I had never heard of before, some of them proposing to contribute to a fund to send me to England to recover the \$95,000, which, they said, the heirs were entitled to. The idea of this claim must have been universal among the Daltons as indicated to me by an incident which occurred to me last year in Los Angeles, California. Being incidentally introduced by Col. DeLong, of Kansas City, a wealthy and very intelligent rancher of Los Angeles Valley, and the colonel asking if we were related, I replied that I could answer the question if Mr. Dalton could state whether he had any interest in a very large estate in Yorkshire, England, whereupon he sprang to his feet in great and sudden excitement and swore that his father had bankrupted his family by litigating for it. The old man was fierce in denouncing the law of primogeniture and corroborated all I had heard about the drunken bachelor. even to his name, John. After that he always came up to see me when he visited the city. He and his brother George went to sea from Hull when they were young and stopped and settled in the valley many years ago, acquiring large tracts of land and became rich in their latter years.

Samuel Dalton, my great-grandfather, lived many years in the vicinity of the elder James Madison and had much to do with that family as I learned by reading a large package of old papers and documents in possession of my great-aunt Hughes of Patrick County, Virginia, whom I was in the habit of visiting frequently in my boyhood and after I was a physician. From Virginia he moved to Georgia and is said to have settled on the very land which is now occupied by Savannah, but deterred by the Indians, and losing some of his family by sickness of the climate, he started back to Virginia, but, as he was passing a charming and healthy looking place on Mayo River which is now in Rockingham County, and ten miles above the junction of what is now the Mayo and the Dan, he determined to settle there and soon came into possession of a large body of land where he lived the balance of his life. He became the wealthiest man in all that region and raised a very large family of children and a great many negroes. I was born and raised within five miles of his residence, and I well remember not only that large plantation, but the very house wherein he lived in his latter days. It was a large frame house overlooking the Mayo River and the splendid scenery beyond. And, now, as I write my imagination is charmed by a vivid imagination of that glorious panorama as it was wont to meet my beautiful view. The house was painted a dark Spanish brown and had not lost its color when I saw it, although it was not occupied. He died but a short time before my birth, 106 years old. He was said to be active and erect as long as he lived, and, in his latter days, walked usually with his hands clutched behind him. For many years in his latter life he refused to ride on horseback or in a vehicle, and sometime during the year of his death he walked five miles to my father's place on Beaver's Island and back again next morning. When a child I remember the great respect and veneration with which the old people spoke of him.

He had several sons, of whom I knew most of David, a rich planter and stock raiser in Stokes County, North Carolina. I heard, also, when a child, of his sons Robert, William and Charley, whom, I think, lived in Virginia. His son, Samuel, was my grandfather. He may have had other sons, I think probable, but I am not aware of their names.

He had many daughters and I knew personally only Mary, wife of Colonel Hughes (Archelous) of Patrick County, Va., a distinguished man. Letitia, wife of Colonel Moore, near the Saura Town Mountains, Stokes County, North Carolina, who was the mother of Gabriel Moore, once Governor of Alabama and Senator in Congress; Matilda, wife of Captain Hamby, one of General Marion's righthand men and whose name is honorably mentioned in history; Virginia or Ione (they called her Jennie) wife of Captain Hamby's brother. These were all I ever knew but I am confident there were others. And I was only permitted to know them because they were all living then to an age of about 100 years. I am unable how I became related to the Hughes family, once living in Rockford, Surry County, North Carolina, the Winstons of Surry County; and many others whom I knew and loved as relations when I was young unless they sprang from daughters of my grandfather for they were all in the same degree akin to me. And here I may be permitted to pay tribute to the immense and innumerable descendants

of Samuel Dalton of Mayo. If one of them has ever been arraigned for crime or disgraced by ungentlemanly conduct, it has never come to my conduct.

My great-grandmother, wife of Samuel Dalton of Mayo, I think, was a Gallihu of Virginia. I am sure she was a Gallihu or a Ewel. I find that her name was Kinner, and that my great-grandmother's name was Ewel or Gallihu, most likely the latter. I retain but little remembrance of her except that she was described as a charming old lady.

Samuel Dalton, my grandfather, lived at my old homestead on Beaver's Island, and died there, aged 30, of a snakebite. He was insane for a year or two before his death and indulged the habit of preaching a sermon at the same hour every day on an elevation 400 yards south by the root of an oak tree the stump of which was pointed out to me as a child in what was called red field! People of the neighborhood, it was said, often came there to hear his eloquence. He had the character of being, as I remember hearing his nephew Coll John Hughes say, after I was nearly grown, the sprightliest Dalton he ever saw, and that the country lost much by his misfortune. He died, however, possessed of a snug little estate, by the division of which my father, uncle and aunts were able to make a good start in life.

The sons of my grandfather, Samuel Dalton of Beaver Island, were Nicholas, John, William, Samuel and Ewel; his daughters were Mary, Elizabeth and Nancy.

Nicholas Dalton, my father, was born at the homestead on Beaver Island. 1770, April 4th, and lived there during his life in very easy circumstances and domestic happiness, where, with my lamented mother, he raised 13 children - 8 sons and 5 daughters - all of whom lived and grew up healthily.

When quite young he entered the store of Peter Hairston on the Dan River in Stokes County, North Carolina, where he remained until nearly grown; and there, soon after, while yet young, married my mother and settled down for life in the old homestead. He was a large, heavy-set man, mostly, if not quite, six foot tall, weighing, in his prime, over 200 pounds. With chestnut brown hair, blue eyes and very fair skin, his high forehead and broad face with symmetrical features gave him a handsome appearance. His nose was rather long, chin broad and handsomely oval, and lips thin. Between his locks and the summit of his forehead, the naked nitch ran back into the hair, strikingly characteristic of the Dalton type. His generous countenance was benignant, though his gaze was rather stern. He was quiet and passive indisposition and tolerant of annoyance but, when aroused, his determination was terrific. His carriage was erect and graceful, and his gait quiet and measured. His habit were, in all respects, exemplary, and his manners chaste, gentle and unobstructive, in the family he was always so dignified that the elder children feared to approach him unless encouraged to do so. To me this seems to be a fault. If he was ever guilty of any kind of immorality, it never came to my knowledge. All his pleasures were centered in home and he was never away unless called on urgent business. To me he seemed to take little interest in the affairs of the house and plantation, except in the early mornings when he was out giving directions to the hands for the day's work, and he seldom went among the laborers. His custom was to sit about the house reading books or papers all day

when not playing backgammon with one of the older sons or daughters or out in the horse lot in front of the house yard where he always kept his pet horses running on grass in the summer. In fact, horses were his specialty and though he cultivated rich land with a number of able hands he always derived more profit from them than from anything else; his knowledge and judgment in regard to horses being remarkable. When first married, his father-in-law gave him a fine dark bay mare called ' Gospel ' from the price of which, for 15 or 20 years he realized a handsome income for those times. One of the last colts was ' Tyrontly ' as fine a horse as I ever beheld when he sold when four years old for several hundred dollars. Cultivating rich low lands, which seldom if ever failed, he made large crops of proven^d der and corn so that he was always prepared to feed them well. His habit was, in addition to raising colts, to buy or swap for poor horses, and, after fattening and polishing them up, to swap them off for poor ones again, and so on, always making a handsome profit. I once knew him to trade for a poor little mare which he fattened and polished into a fine little animal. The Deputy Sheriff came along with another poor little animal for which he traded, getting \$50 to boot. Six months afterwards the man came by with the same mare for which he traded so worsted that she could hardly be recognized. They exchanged again with \$50 to boot and, within six months, this original mare was larger, a finer and better nag than she ever was.

When one of the eldest sons was not over the plantation hands he always kept a humane overseer of good judgment, giving him a share of the crops, by which he bore but little care of the management; thus he was thought by some to be rather lazy or indolent, but, if so, his laziness did not seem to injure him though he did lie down and sleep an hour or so every day after dinner.

My father conversed with only tolerable ease and fluency, being a man of only ordinary education and seeming to fear failure in expressing his ideas. Though usually taciturn, he was sometimes quite humorous and fond of a joke and when much amused, he would laugh immoderately and shake all over. He was fond of company and hospitable to a fault. He would even entertain a Yankee peddler for days without any pay, only for the pleasure of hearing him talk about the peculiar institutions and affairs of the far-off Yankeeedom. Our house was a place of refuge and pleasure for a very large circle of relations who lived in different parts of the surrounding country, and whenever they came in numbers, especially at Christmas, music and dancing were then in order in the large west room where by father always sat in a corner by a blazing log-fire, and, as my beautiful sisters and lovely cousins went whirling around the splendid music of Brother James' fine violin, the fine old gentleman would seem to transfigured with delight. He was not inclined often to engage in Argument, but, on politics, which were running high in those days (not long after the Revolution) he would sometimes dispute very vehemently with his brothers and brothers-in-law, being a Republican. I have known him to argue with Aunt Nancy's husband, Absolon Scales, who was a very intelligent man, so vociferously that, being alarmed, I would run out, but on occasions my mother would walk in and soon the gentlemen would be all smiling and polite. Soon after marrying he was appointed Justice of the Peace and held the office during life.

For many years before his death he was the senior Magistrate for Rockingham, hence, he always presided in the County courts, and I have often seen the most distinguished lawyers trying important and interesting cases before him. His decisions were seldom reversed by a higher court. The Bar was then very strong, composed of such men as Yancey, the Moreheads, Settle, Swaim, Jones, and lastly, Carr, Graham and Boyden. He was punctual in attendance on the 'law days' or the neighborhood courts, where he would go, riding a fine fat horse, likely to be swapped off after adjournment of court for a poor one 'a bag of bones' as my mother always call them but the bag of bones so on took on fat and polished hair and some poor fellow had to pay dearly for the corn and fodder that produced it. He was always temperate. As to his religious sentiments, my impression was that he was partial to no particular creed while he practiced the charity of all. Whenever one of the negroes died he would have the funeral preached by old 'Joannie Wikson' a good old 'Hardshell', who, standing in the south door of our house overlooking the grassy graveyard, where all the negroes were congregated, the white people being seated in the house, would deliver to my youthful ears, most elegant and effectual sermons. He never failed to lie down and sleep an hour after dinner at home. He chewed tobacco and sometimes smoked a pipe with a long stem.

On my return from the lectures in the spring of 1827 he was complaining of slight symptoms of paralysis in one leg, and a strange sensation in some part of his brain. I supposed it was owing to want of exercise, and I advised him to walk over the high hills every day to his mill, a mile distant. From that time till 1835, when I saw him last, I heard no more of it, but he died, after a long and painful illness of that disease, in 1838, aged 68 years. He left a fine estate, but left none of it, but a pittance, to me, for one reason, he had educated me and spent more money on me than on any of the other children; and that I was engaged, during my neighborhood, in helping myself, while they were at home helping him. The bequest was satisfactory to me and I never complained. My father never held much money, but he was never extravagant. He dressed plainly but was always clean and neat. So kind, respectful and just was he to all that he had no enemies. He was loath to speak ill of anyone and often chided others for doing so in his presence. I will close this account of my father by declaring, in all candor and the truth, that I never beheld a man of more upright and noble traits than he possessed.

John Dalton, my father's brother, born April 28, 1775, lived one mile northwest of my father when I was a child but moved to Tennessee within my recollection. I remember that he was taller than my father and I never forgot his features though I was only a little child when I last saw him, when I saw and traveled with General Scott in 1831 I thought he was a facsimile of my uncle when I saw him. He married a sister of the once celebrated Meredith Gentry of Tennessee who was also born and raised partly in Rockingham, and, by his intelligent wife, he had one son, Madison, and several daughters, of whom I remember only one, Theodosia, who, as a child, I loved. The family were very respectable in Tennessee though my uncle was said to have been subject to spells of intemperance.

William Dalton, my father's next brother, born 12 September 1788, I never saw, but he removed to the Mississippi at an early date and had the reputation of being wild when a young man, but married and raised a respectable family there, as I have heard, and, while the late war was progressing, travelled from Corinth to Hunterville with one of his grandsons- a nice young man who had never seen his grandfather.

Samueal Dalton, the next brother, was a small, bulky, athletic man, of whom my sons, Hunter and Clay, both reminded me. He married Mary Scales, daughter of James Scales. They lived two and one-half miles from Madison on the road to my father's until the death of his wife and some years later, one mile south of Scales, across the creek. He was very energetic and intelligent and a successful trader and manager, though he was subject to hard spells of intemperance once or twice a year at which times he always indulged in regular set fisticuffs and always came off victorious, his adversary sometimes crying 'enough' when Uncle Same was underneath. Before he quit liquor he had whipped most of the bullies of the country. He married again when nearly fifty years old but died a few years later. He never drank anymore whiskey after the age of 48. His son, Madison, became a physician and lived and practised in Louisiana. My uncle lost his property before he died.

Conflicts with P. 8-11

Ewel Dalton, my father's youngest brother, went to the Mississippi with his brother William, married, made a considerable fortune and died without children. His brothers and sisters were entitled to a large share of his estate, but, in those times, the Mississippi was more inaccessible than Europe is now, and they took no steps to claim it.

Mary Dalton, born 23 April 1782, my father's eldest sister, married a man named Harbor, whose father married my grandmother Dalton. They moved off to Louisiana together where my aunt grew very rich and had a large family of children, some of whom I have heard of but never met them. Two of the boys were educated at Harvard, but their light has not reached me since. Perhaps they had too much money. The old lady once sent me an invitation to visit her while I was living in Livingston, but it never came in my way to go.

Elizabeth Dalton, born 28 April 1789, the youngest sister of my father, married Samuel Martin of Surry Sounty and raised a large family of sons and daughters. They were a clever family and my sister Mary once spent sometime among them when I was small.

The Daltons, I mean the original type, were remarkable for health and vigor ~~as~~ as well as for longev~~ity~~ vity. They were generally of medium size and very low, but heavy and muscular with tapering limbs, small hands and feet, and they were active and powerful in physical feats. Their chests were round and always erect, sometimes, however, one would grow up tall and portly like Uncle John or like Issac of Stokes or brother James, to be mentioned hereafter. The women were remarkably beautiful and often above their grade. As a race the Daltons were characterized for propriety of conduct generally and obedience to law and the usages of good society. Though peaceable and unobtrusive, they would not brook an insult, and, when insulted, they would assail a man most desperately. They were industrious and energetic and seldom failed to see 'the main chance' hence few of them were ever very poor. In politics they were strong partisans and generally Democrats but few of them ever pursued it

as a calling as it promised but small thrift. Yet, Issac of Stokes, was sometimes a member of the Legislature. He was the son of David, my father's uncle, to whom I have alluded, and a splendid, noble man he was. I remember him well. He was very large and over six feet high, and bore a most commanding appearance. He was the possessor of large wealth and an extensive amateur stock raiser and was noted for keeping the finest and most approved breeds. I remember seeing his extensive stalls, curiously arranged, so that when one of his cattle went at night to feed, a hickory hoop or yoke fell spontaneously around the neck to retain the animal in its place and out of the weather and exempt from injury from other cattle. He died without issue and his widow married a school-master named Arnold in whose family I once practised. He also had a young brother, David, who lived in Stokes, and raised a large family, many of whom, I suppose, still live there. I practised considerably among them from 1831 until 1835. The daughters were far superior to the sons. Another brother, Johnathon, a clever man whom I knew as a child, settled in Tennessee, and had a family of children, none of whom I ever saw. The other uncles of my father, Robert, William and Charles, I have no positive knowledge of, but have reason to believe they lived, at least for a while in Virginia, but I am sure that one or more of them went to Kentucky whose descendants I have known. In fact, I was a pallbearer at the funeral of Dr. Samuel Dalton in St. Louis, in 1868. He was once surgeon in the United States Navy, and a large, fine-looking man like my father, Uncle John or Issac of Stokes, and I knew his brother, William, a commission merchant in New Orleans.

But I cannot close this imperfect sketch of the ancient Daltons without special allusion to my father's Aunt Mary (Molly) Highes, the most talented and beautiful octogenarian I ever knew, the most queenly of all the elder daughters of the Dalton race, the paragon whom I worshipped as a superhuman being. When a little boy I was often there chaperoning my sisters on a visit to her and her noble protector, Colonel Samuel, the bachelor gentleman and politician, who was more like Chesterfield than Chesterfield himself. The old place bore all the marks of antiquity and every object and all arrangements afforded the strongest evidence of cultivated taste. And when I was a man, a practitioner of medicine, I was often there in the way of my profession. She was then in her nineties, and talked and moved about in the pursuit of her business like a woman of forty. Her mind was certainly unimpaired, and her conversation was interesting, bright and cheerful, and her face bore the linements of lingering beauty. All the more lovely because it was hallowed by the wearing of time. except the Orcus semilis, which gave her more the gaze of an angel than that of a mortal. And she was more interesting to me as a man as she could tell me of her father, my great progenitor, and all and all that concerned him so many years ago. She showed me a large bundle of old papers and documents involving his business with the elder Madison, which I, and Col Sam, both failed to fully understand, but it was evident from their meaning, that while living in Virginia he was a man of no mean pretensions. But finally, as I was reading

a Richmond paper one day I saw the name of Samuel Dalton, with 39 others, composing the Loyal Company to whom had been granted by the king of England an extensive body of land across the mountains of Virginia, embracing a number of counties, Wythe, among the rest, in consideration of 100 pounds paid by each, which the king had done for the purpose of raising money for some East Indian government enterprise. I carried the paper to my father who carried it to Col. Sam Hughes, then they went together to Richmond and brought suit for the Dalton interest (one-fortieth) of the whole which was worth an immense sum if recovered. The trial took place and the interest of Samuel Dalton was proven, but the Madison heirs produced a receipt from Samuel Dalton to James Madison, the elder, about the time he emigrated to Savannah. So they were non-suited. But there were papers and letter in possession of Aunt Hughes showing correspondence in relation to the company after the removal to Savannah which made it evident that the claim had been transferred only to enable Madison to act as agent, but this proof, resting on the plaintiffs, the case was lost. When I learned that lawyer Gilmer had compromised the lands for a vast sum of money for the claimants from the occupants of the land, I realized the heirs to Samuel Dalton had lost a principality.

We come now to the late and last generation of the Daltons, broken and mutilated by the Civil War, but, thank God, not dishonored, for, when local self-government was endangered, when the sacred Constitution for which our fathers bled was being supplanted by ' the higher law ', when southern armies marched to the fields to maintain our liberties, the Daltons were not left behind.

As stated before, my father and mother had 13 children, 8 sons and 5 daughters.

Samuel Dalton, my oldest brother, was born May the 14th, 1794, and died, if I am not mistaken, in 1874, aged 80 years. At my earliest recollection, he was grown and was overseeing the plantation lands of my father. He was an active, vigorous, fine-looking man and his habits were good and exemplary. He was very fond of dress and a fine horse and was of quite a social disposition. I am sure that he was an excellent example for the guidance of his younger brothers. After farming with my father for a year or two, and being generally known as a generous, honorable man, he was aided by Stephen and Edward Moore, merchants of Madison, in obtaining stock of goods which he carried to Surry County, and by the robbery and running away of his clerk in his absence, he was compelled to close up in order to save his creditors, which he did, retaining not a dollar. He then turned his attention to a lost claim of about \$1,000, which he had on James Dearing of Tuscaloosa, his cousin, who, several years before, while his brother James was living at my father's and before he went into merchandising, had bought a lot of manufactured tobacco, for him, promising to pay for it as soon as he could carry it off and sell it for him. That was just after the War of 1812, But Dearing, having gone with the tobacco to Norfolk and thence to Mobile, sold it there for a very high price and built the first steamboat for the Warrior, and had run, while with a stock of goods in St. Stephen and another in Tuscaloosa he went on growing rich for several years, while defrauding my brother. At that time Alabama was inaccessible to North Carolina

except by way of Tennessee or horseback, the Creek Indians being warlike. He wrote several times to Dearing but received no reply. Finally, when he found himself being peniless, and still snubbed by Dearing, he rode over to Uncle William Dearing and got up a general row in the family, threatening to sue, publish, fight and disgrace the whole concern. It was an angry affair and excited some gossip in the neighborhood, very much to the prejudice of the Dearings. But they, being a proud family, the news of insult soon reached Tuscaloosa, and forthwith, not James himself but Wiley, the largest and bulliest of the family was dispatched from Tuscaloosa to avenge the insult. I will here suggest that it is not in good taste to indulge in matters of the 'Ring' while writing a family history, but, as the want of that money was probably the foundation of my brother's lifetime troubles (a thousand dollars then being equal to more than five thousand now) my pen will write it in spite of my moral sentiment. He challenged my brother and they were about to fight with deadly weapons when they were arrested by the mayor of Mayodan. The arrest was withdrawn upon condition they would eschew such weapons and go beyond the town limits to settle their difficulty. Being a student at the Academy, I made it my business to see what was going on. This turn of the affair seemed to place my brother in an awkward light, for Dearing was a large and powerful man, weighing at least 175 pounds while my brother weighed only 135 pounds, and then was under treatment for suppose liver ailment. Sometimes after the arrest was withdrawn, the two Dearings, who had been consulting at a distance, approached, and Wiley proposed to take a 'hiding' as he called it. The crowd standing nearby cried out 'for shame' and brother James standing by, a stalwart powerful man exclaimed 'No sir' I will fight you myself. You know very well that my brother is too small and weak to contend with you in that way. And now, Mr. Dearing, I am ready to fight you or anyone of your dishonored family in any way you may choose.' 'Then come on' said Dearing, turning with his brother and second, Aleck. 'Not so fast' said Phillip, my brother is second, I cannot stand by and witness such an unequal contest.' 'Yes you can' said my brother Sam, 'I am sure I can whip him,' After some further parley and settling of terms the crowd was notified not to follow and then the parties walked off to the end of the street. Dr. Lovell, Brother James and myself followed closely by permission. Crossing a little ravine just outside of the town they took their positions and at it they went. In an instant Brother ~~James~~/was Sam was knocked back a number of feet but did not fall. Again they went and back he went by a heavy blow. But at the third approach he was felled to the ground and I thought he was done for, Dearing pounced on him, and after a long struggle, my brother began to squirm out from under him, and they both gained their feet at the same time. Then, for sometime, they seemed to be holding each other by their left hands and pounding with the right till Dearing threw him down and pounced upon him; then it seemed evident it would soon be over. But not so, they remained for a long time struggling on the ground, while Phillip and Aleck both were busy directing, each his man, how to maneuver, as Phillip himself was a skillful fighter. Be that as it may, Dearing, after waiting

while rose partly up and attempted to sit on my brother and beat him in the face; but by a quick movement he threw him off and sprang to his feet, kicking him in the side, as he was rising, very heavily. And I have thought those kicks turned the issue for after that they stood for sometime strikingly with apparent equal force. But presently they clinched and they fell side by side but they arose immediately and began striking again and down they went, side by side again. This time they were both evidently exhausted and they both grasped the same little hickory bush and they were both erect at the same time. Dearing held on the bush with his left hand while brother Sam squared himself, summoning all his strength, struck a powerful blow in Dearing's eye which brought him to the ground falling on his face, and then fell on him. Dearing yelled out 'I protest' 'On what grounds' asked Phillip. 'He bit me,' said Wiley 'You are a liar' said brother Sam and then Phillip laughed aloud while they were being pulled apart which was not hard to do. They were both lifted to the shade while water was brought. I ran over to brother Sam, and, looking at him, thought he was dead, but Phillip laughed and said that he was only resting. Then I went off to see Dearing and found him fainting and they really thought he would die, and were throwing cold water on him and giving him brandy which he could not swallow while I was there. They hauled him over to Duke Scales, his brother-in-law, and he lay in bed for sometime. We soon walked to Mr. Phillip's where brother Sam waited until evening, and then walked seven miles home to show that he was not injured. His face was very little mutilated, while Dearing's was beaten like mush. Dr. Lovel held a watch and declared that the fight lasted three-quarters of an hour. Soon after this Wiley returned to Tuscaloosa, and the money was sent to my brother-in-law, about \$1,000, without interest and that was all he got.

I omitted to explain the whereabouts of brother Sam during the time which intervened between his failure in Surry and the time of Wiley Dearing which was a year or two. From Surry he came to my father's and was idle for a time, not knowing what to do for sometime, and, my father being in pecuniary trouble, at that time, as he supposed, declined any assistance. Becoming very restless, and being a man of very remarkable mechanical genius, he went to the woods, cut and prepared timber with his own hands, seasoned it, and actually wrought it into a handsome one-horse carryall, all complete and without any assistance and then, having purchased from Hugh Martin a large, blind sorrel horse on credit, and making himself a nice harness, he drove down to Moore's store in Madison and purchased on credit again a large load of goods, principally tin, and then scoured the country for trade. And he was engaged in this way when Wiley arrived and threatened in the street of Madison to cowhide 'The Peddler' if he could ever lay his eyes on him. This came to the ears of my mother in my father's absence and she dispatched a messenger to pursue my brother Sam into Henry County, Va., and bring him home. And when he arrived she urged him to go out and look for Dearing and give him satisfaction. And he did obey his mother.

After this he was engaged for sometime by the Moores of Madison as a clerk and salesman while they lived in Germantown conducting a store there, but after a year or two he carried a stock of good to the mountains, near Ward's Gap, where he remained until 1824 when he married Mary Scales, daughter of James Scales of Mayo, a most charming and beautiful creature, with whom I, a school boy, was desperately in love but nobody but myself ever knew it.

I had once danced all night until broad daylight and went home with her in the morning. He soon settled on a farm three or four miles from Leaksville, where he manufactured tobacco until the death of his wife in 1835, I think. About this time he had become quite celebrated as a military man and was elected by the Legislature Major General of Western Division of North Carolina which proved to be his ruin for he gave almost his exclusive attention to this business, in which there was no money, and after several years he was forced to resign for self-preservation. But he seemed never to have recovered his business energy, at least he never was prosperous again. After several years, however, he concluded to marry again and had a number of sprightly children by his second wife who was a woman of some culture, Miss Clemens of North Carolina. Not long after the death of my father he became bankrupt with a large young family on his hands, and, leaving his family, he came to me at Anderson, Mississippi, broken in health as well as in fortune. We nursed him and kept him with us until his health was restored, and learned all about his troubles which deeply wrought upon my sympathies. I gave him money to return to his family and six hundred dollars by way of power of attorney to collect and use the pittance which my father left me of his estate. That pittance brought him back to me with his family and I assisted him in settling on a small farm in Pontotoc where they lived several years. They afterward broke up and settled in Verona on the railroad, and while the war was going on, I heard that they were likely to suffer, and I had all of them removed to my house in Anderson, I being all the time in Danville, Va. But after being there for sometime, and being badly treated, as I have understood, my poor old brother carried his family into a little house in town, and set up a harness shop by which he and his two little boys made out to support the family until the war closed. By this time he was too old and infirm to work, and his wife flew to the needle, by which, and with the help of her noble and industrious daughters, they not only supported themselves but began to fix up in some style. And when the boys began to grow up and work as printers, the whole family became prosperous in a short time, and my dear old brother was well cared for by his loved ones till death called for him, and death never called for a more noble, honest and upright man.

By his first wife my brother had two sons and two daughters - Robert, James and Mary and one whose name I have forgotten. Robert was a clever boy but not so sprightly as James. Robert died in Texas before the war. James was a favorite with me. The two girls married in North Carolina, one Mr. Irvin and the other Mr. Ellington, both highly respected men in good circumstances.

Children by the last marriage were Nicholas, Mattie, Rachel, Samuel, Henry, Sallie and Susan. Henry died at Memphis before he was grown, but was contributing money freely to the family in Aberdeen before his death. And poor, dear Rachel died just as she had grown up, Jan. 2nd, the loveliest and most angelic creature that Aberdeen ever had to mourn. The son, Samuel, was a very smart and popular young man is now associate editor of the Aberdeen Examiner. James was a colonel in the war and lives in Rockingham. The widow, with the balance of the children, lives in good circumstances in Aberdeen, Miss.

James Hunter Dalton, the next brother, was born Feb. 12, 1796, and, if living now, resides in Patrick County, Va., near the Alleghany Mountains, and at the base of the mountain called 'No Business. In appearance he was all Hunter and not like the Daltons, except that his hair was black. He was six feet high, lean and muscular, and one of the most powerful and active men I ever knew. Kind and gentle in his manners, he was yet a terror when aroused. He was not, by any means, as fond of work as he was of play, and he was very inclined to athletic amusements, as well as social enjoyments. He was a fine fiddler and kept the running of all the neighborhood frolics as they were called in those days. He was not a favorite with his father, but his mother always defended him, and they were great friends. When he brought home the graceful and beautiful Miss Nancy Critz, daughter of Col. Critz of the Revolution, my father said Jim's fiddle had fooled the poor girl. She made him an excellent wife and proved to be the best manager of a family I ever knew. After living near father's until they had two or three children, they went to a place in the mountains inherited by her, where they raised a large and respectable family, several of whom I have seen, and I think they have always been well to do. I knew him until I was half-grown, and I always loved him, for he possessed some noble traits and was always fond of me. His wife was the most graceful dancer I ever saw on the floor, and, when young, she was a paragon of beauty.

I dislike to speak so often of the fine looks of the Daltons, it savors to egotism, but I cannot refrain from saying that my eldest sister, Mary MacFarland Dalton, was a perfect beauty, and as gently and as amiable as she was beautiful. She made me nice clothes and took me as escort when she visited the kin in the country around. And even now as I am writing and thinking of her sixty years or more since we were separated forever, my worn and weary old heart cherishes the same emotion and love for that dear sister, which bound her to me then.

(brother)

She married the brother of James' wife, Gabriel Critz, a good, clever and very thrifty man, and lived all of her life at the base of the 'No Business' mountain, where they raised a number of children, none of whom I have seen but two infants. My sister was named after her grandmother Hunter who was a MacFarland of Virginia, and was born February 14, 1798. I don't know when she died.

Charlotte Gallihu Dalton was born October 27, 1799, and, if living, is living in possession of the place where my great-grandfather Hunter lived and died. She was not as handsome as some of my other sisters, being somewhat freckled in the face, but she was comely, a fine figure, and so accomplished in all the business of housekeeping and domestic work, that all the family and neighbors

too, esteemed her with admiration. At needlework she was a genius too, and could make as nice a broadcloth coat as a tailor. She was much courted but seemed loath to marry for a long time. At last, by my persuasion, she married Robert Dalton, her second cousin, son of Thomas, my father's cousin. He was a fine young man of considerable means and very enterprising. They lived on Mayo until 1832 when he died, leaving her with one child, Robert, who grew up and died early with consumption, inherited from his grandmother's family, the Deatheridges. She then married James Scales of Mayo, brother Sam's father-in-law, a rich man and widower, by whom she had several children. When a little boy I was her companion, horseback, visiting relatives in Virginia and elsewhere, and she seemed always proud of her little champion, whom she took pains to dress up for such occasions. I have ever felt something like filial love and gratitude toward that dear sister.

Ewel Galihu Dalton was born Dec 9th 1801, and lives one mile from the old homeplace where we were all born. When about ten years old he had white swelling, a scrofulous disease, of the tibia or main ~~leg~~ leg bone, for a long time, which was finally taken out from knee to ankle by Dr. White of Virginia at my father's home. Dr. White was a celebrated surgeon who never attended a course of lectures but then had no superior in America. The whole leg was hollowed out, largely in front, but filled up with callus, resembling bone, and in a few years he walked as well as ever, but always with a limp and slight stoop. Ewel has been a man of excellent common sense and judgement, and ~~accumulated~~ accumulated considerable property before the war, and was raising a nice family of nine children, but several were lost in that terrible struggle. My father used every effort to give him a liberal education, and he stubbornly refused the offer from time to time, till I had to take his place as my father had him entered at Madison Academy, he being a trustee and feeling that he could not withdraw the entry with honor; and that explains how I happen to be educated. He married Sallie ~~Strong~~ Strong, a very comely, strong-minded woman of good family, living at that time on the river just above Leaksville. I have heard her praised much as a wife and housekeeper.

Leander Hughes Dalton, was born Sept. 25, 1803, and now lives and owns the entire homestead where we were all born and raised. He went to 'the Old Field School' with me all of the time. We were very much attached during that period, but afterwards had but little communication, my attention being taken up with books and study for which he had no taste. He was an apt scholar, however, and was very proficient in figures. He grew to manhood a heavyset, awkward looking man with strong mind but with no facility of expression; in fact he was scarcely able to express his idea, and, therefore, seldom talked, and when he did he lisped badly. When he grew up he remained at my father's, his mother's pet, where, for years, he manufactured tobacco with the help of numerous young negroes, for whose service he paid nothing and was at no expense; hence, he soon became fullhanded and gained predominance in the family. Soon after the death of my father he married a Miss Stovall of Patrick, a granddaughter of Aunt Hughes, and settled down the possessor of the homestead. They had only one child, a daughter, who is married

Nancy Kinner Dalton, my companion sister, was born July 7, 1808 and is yet living, in bad health, two or three miles north of Madison. She was a sprightly, strong-minded girl and grew up well proportioned. She was not pretty but very commanding and captivating. At school she was a genius and it was all I could do to keep up with her in grammar and geography. She exhibited a strong disposition to cultivate her mind when she was a girl, and if she had met with an opportunity she would have been a remarkable woman - as it was she did highly improve her mind by reading. She has always been my model of a well balanced, sensible woman. She was a favorite with all of the young ladies who knew her, and much admired by young and old men, but young men were shy of her wit and repartee. Yet this most promising sister has been most unfortunate of all. She married John Julius Martin, son of Hugh Martin of Snow Creek, a young man well educated and accomplished about my age, who, at school had been my classmate, and it was through my influence that she married him, for she was shy of the family on account of their character for wildness and frolics; and my mother and father objected because they said the Martins arrogated too much upon themselves on account of honors borne by their ancestors, and the high positions which many of the elder ones held. For a year or two after they were married they lived on Snow Creek and he was doing very well. But in 1834, not long before I moved to Alabama, he was forced to leave the country to evade a prosecution for forgery of his uncle's name on a note which he offered a bank in Raleigh, and he never returned. It is evident that there were some extenuating circumstances in the matter, and the next year I had an opportunity of convincing Judge Martin, whose name he forged, of the fact. And this is it: In December 1834 he came down to my house in Madison and two of his neighbors as security, and wished me to sign it also because of my influence with Senator Bob Martin who had been in Raleigh, a senator from Rockingham, and a large stockholder of the bank. At that time he promptly and unhesitatingly told me that he had written his uncle's name as the judge was then at Wilmington holding court, and he knew it would be allright with him as soon as he returned and he could explain to him why he had done so. The fact was the Judge had signed a note for him the year before by which John had made \$1700 in three or four weeks by buying negroes and selling them to a trader who held a market at Germanton once or twice a year. The same trader was to be there within a week or two and he was under promise to furnish a certain number of negroes again, he being a stockholder also in the bank, and was unable to comply without bank aid which he was doubtful of obtaining without the Judge's name again, he also being a stockholder in the bank. He went down with the note and put it in for discount and returned home, expecting to draw the money within eight or ten days as he said upon his return. But not so. For some reason the note was held at the bank until the Judge came to hold Court in Raleigh shortly again; and when the note was shown him he denounced it as a forgery, and, after some delay, a writ for forgery was issued, learning which, John promptly made his escape to Tennessee.

My sister, with two little daughters, and near the time of having another, if I remember correctly, was sent for by my father where she remained for several years. Some months after he went off he returned as far as Abington, Va., and sent a carriage for her and her children, but she refused to go. He returned to West Tennessee, married again, went to Council Bluffs, near Omaha, and soon joined an emigrant train

for California where he made a considerable fortune and raised a very respectable family and they are living at Gilroy on the railroad. He has been totally blind for the last eight or ten years. While at Los Angeles I mailed him my card, but, of course, his family kept it from him.

My sister obtained a divorce and, after a number of years, married Dr. Rossborough of Madison and has had a number of children since. I have often thought of writing to this poor, dear, sister the very memory of whom brings tears to my eyes, but I have deemed it best to spare but her and myself agony of mind which writing and answering the correspondence would inflict.

Elizabeth Dalton was born March 7th, 1811, grew up a fine, tall, handsome woman but not as sprightly as Nancy. She was a gentle, lovely creature and very dear to all the family. She married Richard Cardwell, a full handed, thrifty man, who was several times a member of the Legislature, lived at Madison, where she raised a large family of children after the death of her husband who died early. He was six and one-half feet high, and a showy man. One of the sons was killed in the war. My sister died in 1864.

Susan Dalton, born March 3rd, 1815, was one of the dearest, sweetest creatures I ever knew. She was mild, gentle, sensitive, and very affectionate, and most graceful, and her voice was clear and sweet as music. For a back-woods girl, her manners were really elegant and captivating, and she took pains to render her mind equally so. She spent most of her time with my wife and me after we were married, and we almost worshipped her as an angel. To part with her was one of our chief regrets in leaving North Carolina in 1835. She afterwards married Alexander Searcy of Rockingham, one of the best men I ever knew who was to her a devoted husband as long as he lived. But poor dear Sue, she died in a few years, leaving a sweet little daughter who also died before she was grown.

John Hunter Dalton was born Feb 1, 1813. By mistake I have placed him here as younger than Susan. He was a fine, handsome boy and grew up a comely boy, with a gentle quiet disposition. He was just grown up when I went to Alabama in 1835 and I had little expectation of his ever arriving at much success in any kind of business. But he soon engaged in manufacturing at my father's like my brother, Lee, and hauling and selling the tobacco in the south, by which he soon became prosperous, and then having married Miss Mary Houston of Iredell County, a fine, intellectual lady of a wealthy and highly respectable family, he settled there, where he now lives, and accumulated a very large fortune. His touch seems to have turned everything into gold. And before the war he had become one of the richest men in North Carolina and said to be the largest landowner in the state; and he is yet a man of very great means. I have seen his wife and regard her as a woman of unusual intelligence. They have but one child, Bettie, who remains unmarried.

Nicholas Dalton was born August 26, 1817, and was always a good boy and grew up the largest and best looking man of the whole family. In fact I have seen General Scott Houston of Texas and many large, fine-looking men but none presented a finer form and appearance than Nick when I was with him in 1861. I had left him in 1835 a small, clumsy looking lad, and I was astonished when I beheld him in 1861. He was really courtly and fascinating. He first married his second cousin, Miss Scales, a granddaughter of Uncle Samuel Dalton, who died early, and then he married a Mrs. Patrick by whom he had several children. He was very prosperous before the war, and was so when I was

with him, but soon after the war he became involved, and during the struggle he fell paralyzed, and, though living yet, he is said to be much impaired. He lives now with his family very near ~~my~~ brother John.

Pleasant Hunter Dalton, the youngest, was born about March 21, 1821. He was a sweet little boy and I loved him very dearly. I used all my influence in directing his education, and corresponded long and freely with him while he was growing up at school. When I left him he was very small, as he is now, but his face was fine and expressive and his head large. He was for several years a student with my old classical teacher, Mr. Samuel Smith, at Shady Grove, near Mayo, and afterwards at the Greensboro Academy, from which place he went to Chapel Hill where he graduated. He professed religion at college under Mr. Baker, a Presbyterian revivalist, who I have heard and admired, and immediately joined the church. He then went to Princeton, New Jersey, and graduated, and then to an institution in Virginia where they taught Sanscrit and graduated there, after which he took orders and has become an eminent divine.

He married a Miss Carter of Lincolnton, N. C., a wealthy young lady of fine accomplishments, whom I have seen and much admired and by whom he had several sprightly children, one of whom has lately died at college. He is now living at High Point, North Carolina.

Here closes a very imperfect sketch of the Dalton family, and all except myself, and my dear lamented mother, who, tho not a Dalton, has mingled the blood of a pure and honorable race with that of the Daltons. May that blood ever maintain its purity.

Rachel Hunter, our mother, born Nov 30, 1774, on Beaver Island Creek, one mile below the Dalton homestead. She was tall and well-proportioned, a graceful woman when in her prime, and always enjoyed excellent health. Her hair was a beautiful, dark auburn, and as fine as silk; skin fair and rosy, corresponding beautifully with her hair; eyes blue, grave and piercing; lips rather thin and mouth well cut, of ordinary size, chin broad but not very prominent; features symmetrical and comely, but well marked and expressive of firmness, emotion and great sincerity. In other words, she had a strong face. Though of Scotch-Irish family, she had no blarney. There was nothing in her character that bordered on deceit, nor was she, in the least, inclined to jest. She was quick and somewhat irascible, but never violent or outbreaking; and when she was wounded in her feelings, she was apt to find relief in tears. Her heart was as tender as possible, and she was kind, benevolent and charitable to a fault. Her features always betrayed her emotions, and it was easy to know when her sensibility was disturbed. She was utterly devoted to domestic duties and her industry and rapid manipulations were remarkable.

Having so large a family and a lazy husband, as she used to call my father, she labored from break of day until late at night in keeping up the work of the household, and was always the last to retire for sleep; and though tolerant and indulgent, she managed to have everything done to suit herself, and without noise or excitement. She was never idle a moment while awake. Though very much devoted to her children, she was not as demonstrative in her affections and caresses as many others. She was exceedingly sensitive and modest. Life, with her, seemed to be a task, the labor of which was so pleasant and agreeable, she seldom sought any other recreation, for it was all

recreation with her. Her happiness and contentment really consisted in her family, her own enjoyment being derived from the care and labor of rendering them comfortable and happy.

In early life she was not a member of any church, but for some years before her death she was a pious member of the Presbyterian Church. On my way to join the Army at Harper's Ferry, Va., in the spring of 1861, I reached brother Nick's house at mid-night, where she was staying, and soon after gaining entrance into the house I asked for her and the room was pointed out. I ran in and found her just awakening from sleep, and as I approached she clasped me in her arms, and kissing me for a moment, exclaimed 'Oh, is this my child, my child gone so long? No, it can't be. Yes, it must be so, and how is it? I'm dreaming. No, speak my child and let me hear your voice' Though light was in the room by this time she passed her hand over my face as though she wished to feel as well as to see my features. She then sobbed, wept and began to pet me as though I had been a child, and holding me a little distance from her face, and looking straight at me she said 'Oh, Bob, it took a war to bring you to me; God bless the war.'

I left her to dress while I was talking to the family in the next room, and when she came up she was silent, and gazed at me earnestly for some time, seeming to be almost stupidified and not realizing my presence. As I was then several days behind my orders, I had to leave Madison the next afternoon, by 2 o'clock, messengers were sent forthwith to notify the kin for miles around and by 7 o'clock a.m. they began to arrive. And such a scene! Poor sister Nancy fainted as I met her, and remained unconscious for sometime and I really feared she would die. By 9 o'clock they were all in, with a number of my friends of Auld Lang Syne, none of whom had I seen for 28 years. It was the most joyful day of my life. At dinner I sat beside my mother and observed that she partook of substantial food, though she was then 87 years old. At the table she was quite cheerful and told on me the notorious anecdote relating to the destruction of my crop of tobacco by an old sow when I was a small boy; and she described my agony and raving when I came to the house and was informed of the great calamity and concluded by saying 'And Bob said he would never work again and he never did.'

When the time approached for me to leave a gloom seemed to settle over her countenance and when I embraced her to go, she was silent and motionless as a statue, but exhibited features of agony I can never forget. From the time of my leaving her in 1835 she had fallen in height several inches, and seemed to be greatly reduced in size but yet she had easy use of her limbs and walked well. Her mind was little impaired. At 2 o'clock I left and never beheld my mother again. Sometime that year she fell and fractured her thigh in the hip joint, and her health declined for want of exercise I suppose. She died in 1863, aged 89 years.

And now to conclude this notice of the Dalton family, I have to speak of myself - a subject by no means pleasant for me to discuss but as it would be incomplete without some allusion to my life, I will give a simple outline of it.

ROBERT HUNTER DALTON

The write was born Feb. 21, 1805. My name in the old family register being mutilated, it has always been doubtful whether the date was 1805 or 1806; but Brother Samuel was of the opinion it was 1805, in which he would seem to be sustained by the wide gap between the ages of brother Lee and myself, if 1806 is correct, but as the figure 5 had no dash, but I made it when only 11 years old for the purpose of gaining a year, it is impossible to decide the matter, as though the figure without the dash was a fair 6, yet my father may have failed to make it.

Being the sixth child of a family of thirteen children, I was much crowded and it may be supposed I had a poor chance; but such was not the case, for as far back as I can remember I clamored for my rights, and if anything good was at hand I was apt to get my share. I never regarded myself as a favorite child so far as my father and mother were concerned, and yet I am sure that I was the pet of my sisters. Prior to the age of six I doubtless encountered many startling incidents in slips and diapers, in the kitchen, in the house, in the yard as well as in the fields, some of which I now ~~will~~ well remember; but the sixth year was the first real epoch of my life, that being the age that I first learned to chew tobacco and was entered at school. At that time Egel, Lee and myself began to walk $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a school on Henderson branch, south of my father's, where Colonel Henderson (the GGGranduncle of my children had lived before he moved to Tennessee long before I was born.) The old house was still standing. The school was taught by Thomas Piner, a routine Methodist preacher, whose head was red, the very looks of whom, when I first entered the school room was near throwing me into fits; but he proved to be kind to me during my three years pupillage there. Our grandfather Hunter presented each of us with a new Testament, and our first reading was in that, which I have often regretted, as it was not only hard to read but gave us a horror of the holy book for many years afterward. I was a long and fatiguing walk for one so young, and the path being full of grubs and stones, the end of my second toe was off, generally, all of the summer. My progress must have been very slow at that school, for, after three years, I was only able to read and write indifferently. Mr. Piner having gone to Indiana we were sent two miles northeast to an old pedagogue 72 years old, whose name was Nehemiah Vernon. He was tall, stooped and very lean, his face wearing a perpetual, sardonic grin. He was the first real ogre I ever saw, and if I were a painter I could draw an exact likeness of him, so indelible was the impression he made on me. He never laughed in his life; I suppose because he was so grim. I was so shy of him that he never had a chance to strike me but once and then when I had my arm around the beautiful Miss Deatheridge, as we were sitting at the large writing desk. The first I knew of it was when a long hickory stick had struck across my back, and was wrapped up tightly around me. After a year or two he was succeeded by Samuel Lewellyn, one of his pupils, who assayed to teach me arithmetic for one year.

I was then about twelve years old and stayed at home for about a year, spending part of my time with my Grandfather's with my cousin, James Hunter, orphan son of Dr. Robert Hunter, and sometimes riding on errands for our family. During that time I read religious books and others which I found in my grandfather's fine library, which laid the foundation of a strong religious sentiment, which I never lost, and inspired me with fondness for books, which may have led to my subsequent education. About this time, an accomplished young man, Dr. John Robertson from Virginia, opened a grammar school on my grandfather's land in an old overseer's house, and sister Nancy, some of the smaller children and myself were entered. My darling sister and myself were classed in grammar and geography and it was all I could do to keep up with her. We progressed very rapidly and were the teacher's pets.

At this period the town of Madison had been laid off and an academy built and in operation under the charge of Mr. Samuel Smith, an eminent teacher. My father had been down to a trustee's meeting, he being a trustee, and had been prevailed upon to prescribe a scholar and Ewel, of course, was to be the choice; but he protested so thoroughly against that, as a last resort, I had to fill his place for someone had to go to comply with the engagement, so, on the first Monday in February 1821, I started riding to school in Madison which was seven miles distant, and continued to go for three years, lacking one month, during which time I became a fine Latin and Greek scholar. The school was very large and many of the students were of the best family in the country, among whom I became emulous and carried off first honors at examinations, which were crowded with first class visitors. On one occasion 'the first examination' in my class of 11 in number, I obtained the first honor, and very unexpectedly when all the honors had been read out to the assemblage, Judge Thomas Lacy, one of the committee of examiners, rose and read out a most complimentary honor in my favor over the whole school. And it was true that I had made remarkable progress.

At the end of three years when many of my companions were going to enter college at Chapel Hill I beseeched my father to let me go, too, but he was unwilling to bear the expense, so I was at the end of my row, but not of education. It so happened that four of my second cousins from western Patrick and Surry counties had been boarding and going to school at Madison, three Moore's and one Carter, all near my age. These had spoke so highly to their parents of me that at that time I received a pressing invitation to come and take a school at Mt. Airy with a salary of \$200 and board for one year. I seized the opportunity and opened the school of 42 scholars on the first Monday in January 1824, many of my scholars were much older than I was but they behaved very respectfully to me and I had a very agreeable time, and with very hard application for one year and one-half. I engaged for the second year for \$300 but begged off at the end of the third session, to engage in the study of medicine which then was a very much more honorable profession than it is now, and fully equal to that of law and theology. But when I began to teach I had with me a number of elementary law books obtained from Cousin Mather Moore of Stokes, then an eminent lawyer, which I studied at nights and Sundays during the first year of my teaching, with a view to make an early start in the practice of law, after my term of teaching was out. But hard study in reading these books at night, and reviewing before my classes, impaired my health, so that

My mind became turned to the choice of medicine, so that I might preserve my own health, I so calculated.

I went at once to study medicine with Dr. Wm. Hereford, of Leatherwood, Henry County, Va, in company with my cousin, Leander Hughes, who had returned from Chapel Hill, and James Inge of Pennsylvania, where he remained only four months, during which time we not only studied hard, but had an opportunity of seeing and associating with the young ladies whom we met every week at social dinners, given every week, first at one house, then at another. They were elite and many of them descendants of Patrick Henry. And near the close of my term there I had the pleasure of attending a camp meeting on Horse Pasture, near the residence of Gen John Dillard, who married a daughter of Aunt Hughes and when I first beheld the lovely creature who was to be the partner of the best part of my life, and the mother of all my children, a blushing beauty of 14 years. She had come up from New Bern, the metropolis then of North Carolina, to spend the summer with her relations at Snow Creek, in company with her cousins, Edmund Bettie and Martha Martin, and Ruth Rogers, with her beau, Alex Dearing, who married her, she was the guest of Mrs. Gen. Dillard. Dearing introduced her to me awkwardly on the camp ground saying ' Let me introduce you to cousin Robert ' I saluted and bowed as much like Cousin Sam Hughes as I could, and quickly after recognizing me she turned to Bettie Martin and blushing said something in a low tone. As soon as I had an opportunity I asked Bettie what she said, learned that it was ' Oh, I dreamed about that young man last night.'

It is no poetry to say she was as fair as a lily, for she was really so, and every feature was a charm by itself. Of course I was deeply smitten, having spent a week in her presence, and though she treated me with respect I was never aware that I made any impression on her until six years afterwards, when we were married, and then she declared she had dreamed about me, and when she was suddenly introduced to me the shock embarrassed her and she asked who I was and told Bettie of the dream. But I saw her no more, and really tried to forget her supposing she was soon to be a belle in a fashionable city, and beyond my reach, the daughter of a banker while I was only a poor student of dried bones. But I could not forget her. That beautiful head of dark waving hair, those deep-set dark, lustrous blue eyes; those smiling vermillion lips, tender and sweet of virgin purity; those peaceful attitudes and motions; these were stamped indelibly upon my mind. I returned to Leatherwood, writing more than ever under my sense of humble position and resolved to elevate myself if labor could accomplish it.

Now, 1825 found me at my father's house not knowing what to do nor where to go. But in a few days I received a kind invitation from Dr. Edward T. Broadnax of Saura Town to come to his house and study medicine free of charge, which I promptly did. The residence was beautiful and picturesque, overlooking the Dan, with its wide and extensive low grounds and much of the surrounding country. There was a fine library and I made good use of it until the next fall when I went to the lectures at Transylvania, which was then a first-class school. My father held the notes for \$350 on my school employer in Surry, which had not yet been paid, and furnished me with

a fine horse and \$200, which carried me through one course of lectures and brought me home. My employers who gave the notes were Mr. Slade, Gallihue Moore, William McCraw and Meshak Franklin. The money I had was currency, not current in Lexington, Ky, and my father instructed me to change it at the bank in Rogersville, Tenn. for silver, which I did, and on the way, at Renfro's in Kentucky, where I stayed all night a thief robbed the saddle bags of two horse drovers and stayed there that night, and came very near getting all of my money. Next morning when the men were frustrated by the robbery, I flew to my saddlebags which I found still locked, but the leather strap which interlocked the edges pulled up so that they had their hands down in my clothes but they had not reached the Mexican dollars rolled up and at the bottom. I have often thought of that morning's escape from ruin ---- I found Dudley, Drake and Caldwell lecturing there; and soon after taking my room upstairs in a boarding house, my dear cousin and old classmate, Leander Hughes, had arrived from Tennessee where his father Col. John Hughes, had settled, and came rushing up the steps and flew into my arms. I had not seen him since we parted in Leatherwood in 1825, this being the fall of 1826. He was the gifted scholar and orator of the Academy; my classmate and my rival for distinction. We roomed together during the winter and we rivalled one another again. But my poor dear friend and cousin, though he remained there until he graduated he died before he practised and death never claimed a nobler victim. I, too, expected to stay there until graduation and my father had written promising to send me money, but I never received his letter and finding myself nearly out of money at the close of the session, I mounted my fine horse, Charlie, and returned to my father's.

I should have come back at once, but my cousin, Dr. James Hunter, at Guilford, was at that time about to leave his location, at the Big Oak, now Killisale, to remove to Tennessee and I decided to take his place till fall and then to return to graduate; but falling into a fine practice, I held the position for three and one-half years - and then closed up and went to Philadelphia where I graduated. One of my friends and admirers, Maj. Mason Wall, a merchant near Madison, loaned me, without solicitation, the money \$400, to buy books, instruments and a little stock of medicine to begin with and he purchased them at Philadelphia when he was there buying his goods. I paid the debt and interest next year.

The country being poor, I made no great deal of money but enough to keep me dressed very finely and enable me to support fine horses and sulkeys. While there I became engaged to Miss Alpha Tayler, rich heiress of Chatham, whose father had been a leading man in that country, and throughout the state; but quarreling with her mother when I asked for her, I quit in disgust when she urged that I was not a graduate and was trying to marry her daughter for money I quit in disgust and went immediately to Philadelphia where I did graduate and afterwards marry a woman far her superior. I was very busy during those three and one-half years and performed several capital operations in surgery, some of which I had never seen performed by others. I declined no professional responsibility tho I was not a graduate.

At Philadelphia I remained six months. Sometime after the course was completed, attending the Alms House and studying in the Great Wistar Museum, I heard the last lectures of the celebrated Drs. Physick

and James, and their names are on my diploma. While there I was a classmate and intimate associate of the celebrated Arctic voyager, Dr. Kane, a small, eccentric, learned man with whom I visited some charming French ladies on Spruce Street several times; also a strong intimacy with the now celebrated Matter and Bernard, the young millionaire of Savannah who insisted upon furnishing me with the means of taking a curriculum in Paris where they were then about to accomplish themselves in their profession, and after equipping myself with a \$100 suit from Watkins and Shellerine and a fine set of surgical instruments from Doser's, I returned to my father's. But before I left I had formed a copartnership with a fellow graduate, Dr. Wharton, of Virginia, a most talented young man, with the prospect of settling together in St. Louis, Mo. in the following November where we were to make money for the purpose of taking a course in Paris which plan failed for a reason to be explained later. St. Louis was then a village of 10,000 persons.

Returning from Philadelphia, and settling in my old business for the means of complying with this arrangement, I had formed a temporary copartnership with Dr. Currie of Madison until the time to go should arrive. But riding up to Currie's house, after a trip to Surry County, I was told that Miss Henderson was at the house to dine with the family in company with her brother. I knew nothing of this, Henderson having left New Bern and settled in Mt. Pleasant, and really did not suspect who the Miss Henderson was. But after brushing off the dust we all walked to the house and Mrs. Currie introduced me to Miss Jane Henderson. I was dazed and confounded, realizing at once that she was the same budding flower that I had seen in its freshness six years before. And now the holy passion which had slumbered so long in despair was kindled up like lightning in my ear, and there it is as I am writing these lines. Suffice it to say that I soon made my passion known and at the moment of our engagement we went together like children. She had remembered me and heard of my success and accepted Mrs. Currie's invitation that she might see me again.

We were married on old Christmas Day, Jan 6, 1832, at 3 o'clock P M at Mt. Pleasant, and soon settled in Madison where I was engaged in a large practice until December 1834. where we broke up and remained in Mt. Pleasant, with our little son, Alexander, until the following March, when, in company with my brother-in-law, J. W. Chambers of Tennessee, I started to Alabama by way of Tennessee, the Creek Indians being hostile on the direct route. During the sojourn at Mt. Pleasant, which was then the hospitable roof for the fine people of all the country where they were much entertained, the time was spent most agreeably and pleasantly in the delightful society of the queenly Mrs. Henderson, and her dear, precious, lovely daughters, Sarah and Eliza, who charmed me with music, and all the family of Maj Halifax arranging his affairs to leave the country. That short period is one of the brightest spots in my calendar. My wife was not in a situation to travel, and I went on horseback and was much exhausted by the long and weary trip.

Having business for Mr. Henderson in his new plantation in Sumpter County, I was detained there for several weeks until it was too late to risk myself in Mobile, where it was my purpose to settle, in the hot weather, where yellow fever prevailed, and hence stopped

temporarily, as I thought, at Livingston, but falling into a very large practice at once, I stayed there for ten years, coining money all of the time, but losing it again by securityship; as was incident in those flush times in Alabama to almost everyone. But yet I came off well with enough to settle my family in Aberdeen, Miss., the first of 1845. While living at Livingston my children, Lusia, Robert, who died at Capt. Wallace's on Hinterbish, and Jane who died in Aberdeen in 1845 and William were all born, Hamilton having been born in Mount Pleasant in the spring of 1835, and brought in the fall with his mother and Alexander by Wallace Henderson. And while we were there my wife built a beautiful Episcopal church which stands there now as a monument to her memory. She raised contributions by subscriptions there from persons whom she knew, and some whom she did not know, from all parts of the country. She took up out of our yard a beautiful mimosa tree and planted it in the church yard, before the door, where I learned, it is still flourishing. At one period of the time I thought she was far gone with consumption, her mother and one of her sisters having died of that disease, but she was fortunately saved by adopting the habit of taking a sponge or towel whirl bath, cold and friction every morning, which she continued throughout her life, and soon grew to be a large, healthy, fleshy woman and even more comely the larger she grew.

In January 1846 I removed to Aberdeen, Miss., where I remained until the last of April 1867, struggling for 20 years under the impress of all the elements of misfortune which could afflict a man, the end of which was the loss of my wife, the mother of my dear children, on the very day, to the hour, we had been united in marriage twenty years before. My life had been one of arduous labor and though I have suffered much and seen great troubles, I have enjoyed much in this beautiful world where the pleasures are through the charms that greet the eye, and all the domestic and social associations, comprise, in my estimation, a Heaven on Earth.

And now, in conclusion of this imperfect view of my past life I may be permitted to say that, though I failed to achieve as much success as I once expected, yet I have done my full share in contributing to the comfort and happiness for all whom I have ever been responsible.

And here I had dropped the curtain to rise no more in view of my life; but a few more words may not be out of place to throw some light on what has happened to my career. When I lost my wife in 1853 I was prosperous and in full possession of a fine estate, and engaged in a profitable practice, but it soon appeared that fate was unpropitious. The wand of Ethuriel had dropped from my hand and fortune smiled no more. The balance wheel which held in poise the plan of my affairs was gone; and though, under the guidance of a darling, brilliant child, my mansion was for years the focus of fashion and the scene of all the joys of youthful life. I admired and approved but failed to participate. I struggled to restore equilibrium by business and enterprise, but misfortune came. At one fell swoop \$14,000 was swept away by the burning of my steam sawmill, and \$4,000 had to be expended in buying another to saw up a vast number of stocks rafted up the river 20 miles, during the previous summer. But, after all I held my own until the beginning of the war of 1861. In the meantime I had deemed it wise to marry again and did select

the most gifted and charming woman in the South for my companion, but the act proved the greatest blunder of my life. Will and my exertions there was a separation. Nature cried aloud in condemnation of the measure, and there was no help. I fled to the war at the age of 56, camped and slept for a year in the forest and fields of Virginia and mingled with sickness, bloodshed and courage. Then, in control of a vast hospital, I labored nearly incessantly thruout the; but, yet there was no relief, and when I returned to my home in 1864, I found my condition still the same, even worse. And then, after two years of futile separation I determined to escape from the scene of my troubles and plunge into a vast city where I might find a field commensurate with my large experience and recover all that had been lost. And so I was likely to do, had I been sustained at home. I remained 8 years in St. Louis, and just as I had taken a commanding position, as I thought, and begun to be rewarded for my perseverance, I fell from a street-car and fractured my hip joint as my mother had done and there ended my business and professional career, on the dissolution of my domestic affairs I had nothing to say, but drifted under the protection of my younger sons, who have heaped upon me all the kindness and attention filial love could inspire. I fully recovered from my terrible injuries and am now here with my son, Clay, in Southwest Missouri, after spending two and one-half years with my son, Robert Hunter, in the Elysian climate of southern California in sidtant view of the boundless Pacific -- I know not what is in for me now.

THE HUNTERS --- by Robert H. Dalton, M. D., Neosha, Mo.
January 15, 1878

As of a race they were of the nervo-sanguine temperament, tall, lean, active and athletic, with the finest auburn hair, so dark that it was almost black, eyes grey and piercing, beautiful florid complexion and handsome proportion. They were ordinarily quiet, gentle people, seldom facetious or jesting, but pleasant and communicative and fluent in conversation.

Col. James Hunter of the Revolution

I think he was born in the north of Ireland and brought to this country by his parents among the Martins, Hendersons and others who settled in a colony in Virginia and afterwards in North Carolina about 1740. I never saw any of his brothers and but one of his sisters, wife of Col. May of the Revolution, who lived on Dan River about Eagle Falls a few miles. His brother, Samuel Hunter, removed to South Carolina where he raised a number of children, some of whom I knew. The brother, if I am not mistaken died early, but not until he had made his mark as a daring patriot, as may be seen by reference to Wheeler's History of North Carolina. His brother Henry Hunter lived and raised a family in Henry County not far from Alexander, Smith's River, and I was well acquainted with two of his sons, Payton and Powetan. He was a brother-in-law of the Seignior Peter Hairston and in early life was equal to him in wealth. My grandfather, Samuel Hunter and his brother William Hunter were the chief supporters of the celebrated Husbards, the great rebel of North Carolina who resisted so fiercely the tyranny of the British for seven or eight years before the Revolutionary War. It was my delight, as a boy, to hear him describe the scenes of those early times, especially the daring exploits of his brother, William, how he went to Hillsboro with a file of men, (colored), his friend, Judge Henderson, who was a loyal judge then on the Bench, and taking him to the door, kicked him out, and how his brother William, when a prisoner, with the hangman's rope around his neck, tore it off and escaped on the hangman's mare. And to the day of his death he criticized some of his relations and friends about the Martins and Hendersons who were a little shaky before the war, and finally became the best supporter of the Revolution.

When the war came he entered as a major in Col. James Martin's regiment, his cousin, and, at the Battle of Guilford Court House, when the order came to retreat. he failed to hear it, but seeing the men begin to fall back he thought that they were running away and seized a musket, he was beating them back with great fury when Col. Martin came up and explained. He was often laughed at about that. At one time during the war he was sent with dispatches to the Commander in Chief, General Washington, who was, at that time in New Jersey and I have heard him relate instances in connection with that long trip. Sam, his copper colored man, who was very intelligent, accompanied him, and I have often heard him tell wonderful things his master did on the way. After the war was over he fought Indians in several expeditions, and some of the battle scenes are fresh in my mind now.

He was often a member of the Legislature and had much to do with the organization of the State government.

My grandfather lived just a mile from my father's on Beaver Island, on one of the finest plantations in the whole country, and his residence was surrounded with a large yard, shaded with locusts and well set with bluegrass. It was a lovely place where I spent much of my easy time with James, orphan son of Dr. James Hunter. My first remembrance of him was when he was old but he was even then a fine-looking man. He was fully six feet tall, spare and erect, but walked with a cane. The Irish brogue was distinct in his language which was fluent and earnest. He was a strict Presbyterean and held family prayer every night and morning while reading a Bible chapter and singing with my grandmother. His habits were very temperate though I have seen him take a glass with a friend. He was grave and dignified and seldom seemed to laugh. His library was large and miscellaneous, and, in the absence of company he was generally reading. I never saw him dressed otherwise than in black broadcloth and his linen was always fresh and clean-looking. Kindness and benevolence were striking traits of his character and was manifest by the lamentations of the poor at his death, which was really regarded as a public calamity. His funeral was preached by Father Paisley, who married me, from the steps of his house and Mr. Packard of Orange to the largest congregation I ever saw on such an occasion; and right under them sat Thomas Henderson, Col. James Martin, Theopelus Lacy, Sur and Thomas Searcy, and most of them were old and venerable men, with heads uncovered. He died in the spring of 1821 of pneumonia. His wife, who was my grandmother was:

Mary McBarland of Scotland, of the same colony, but my grandfather married her in Virginia. She was a dear, good old lady of amiable disposition. I am sure that I never saw her in the least out of temper in my life. Being old and feeble and having lived with my grandfather for so many years and guided by his directions so long, she sank under the deprivation and died within a few months. They lie together in the cemetery on the hill.

They had a large family of children, John, James, Alexander, Samuel, Robert and Pleasant and Mary, Elizabeth and Rachel; all with dark auburn hair and fine florid skin, and all tall and well proportioned. I never knew but Samuel, Robert and Mary besides my mother; John and James were just grown, went to Tennessee and settled the land on which Nashville is now situated, and were both killed by Indians. John left a widow who married Judge McNairy by which the McNairy family were made rich as all of that fine land fell into their hands. He left no heirs, hence the father was joint heir with the widow, but, that region in those days was almost inaccessible, he slept on his rights until he was probably barred by statute. The heirs of my grandfather did sue for it in 1827, but after sharp litigation failed. The estate, if it had been recovered, would have been immense, as the whole city was upon it. Alexander killed a man for insult, and then went to Natchez, a Spanish territory, where he became a successful merchant and lived until after the death of his father in 1821, when, on his way to N. C., and travelling in considerable style he died in Lilledgeville, Ga. I saw the fine horses he left brought to N. C. by Uncle Samuel, his brother. He never married. The statute books of N. C. say that the killing was condoned by a public act through the interposition of his relative, Governor Martin.

Col Samuel Hunter was a facsimile of his father and one of the finest specimen of a man and gentleman, in manners and physical proportions, I ever saw. It was actually pleasant to behold him. He married Rebecca Bruce of Guildford, daughter of Col. Bruce of Bruce's Cross Roads in Guildford, who was a wealthy, venerable old man whom I knew well. Uncle Sam lived at the Big Oak, now Hillsdale, was wealthy and owned a large body of land. He was colonel in the War of 1812 and afterwards a member of the Legislature a number of times. In 1827 he removed to the West District of Tennessee and in a few years to Texas where he died very old and respected.

He was certainly a remarkable man and deserves more than a passing notice in this family sketch; but I can only take time to say that he was a fine gentleman and a perfect model of good manners. Like his father, he was seldom known to jest but often assumed a bland and pleasant smile in conversation. He was always easy and dignified in whatever company he might meet it was evident that everyone was impressed by his manners; and surely no man ever did take an undue liberty with him. He always dressed as fine as clothing could make him and, like all the rest of the family, he looked like he had just bathed and come out of a banbox. Though tender and sensitive, his courage and firmness indomitable, so much so that an adversary would quail under his gaze.

Mr. Robert Hunter, after whom I was named, was a tall, active and athletic man with deep auburn hair, fine florid complexion, with stronger features than his brother Samuel. For a young practitioner he was very successful and popular, and was making money and fame rapidly when he died at the age of 28.

He married Fannie, the daughter of Col. James Martin of Snow Creek and settled a mile east of his father's where he was fitting up a beautiful place and living handsomely when he lost his life by an accident. Like many young men of those times, he was fond of the chase and kept and kept a fine pack of fox hounds among which was a favorite track dog taught to stay by him as the chase was going on, but skillful in scenting out the track when the pack came to a halt. While in full chase one morning, and passing through a clearing close to Thomas Searcy's, beyond Dan River, some curs attacked this dog when a breach of his shotgun went off, emptying the whole load through his right breast. Negroes on the clearing were standing by and saw him fall, rise up, lean on the gun and fall again. He was dead when they reached him. I can never forget the horrible scene at our house. At nine o'clock in the morning, when all the family were in the house and yard, Dick, my grandfather's foreman appeared on the hill beyond the creek in front of us, exclaiming in a loud voice 'Dr. Hunter is dead. Shove himself in a chase this morning near Tom Searcy's' It happened that morning, ten miles off and near the river, and the news was brought to us by nine o'clock. As soon as Dick had made the announcement he turned and ran back out of sight. My poor mother, I never can forget her agony and screams. As he lay in the parlor before burial I saw, with my mother, the great hole in his breast, and I now realize the awful feeling I had and the rushing lamentations of the dear ones around. The concourse at his burial was immense and I never saw such grief on any such occasion. The whole country seemed to feel it had lost a friend and benefactor. He left two sons, James and Robert, both now dead. I was with James at my grandfather's where the family lived until the boys were old enough to go off to Chapel Hill. They were fine boys, James, my friend and companion, and

Robert, my student and successor at Livingston, Ala., where he died. James, like myself, went into the late war, from Ibion, Tenn, and died in prison at Alton, Ill., of cruelty and neglect. Aunt Fannie never married again.

Pleasant Hunter, the youngest child, was said to have been very much like his brothers; he went to Luisville, Alexandria, before I was born, became a merchant, married and raised a family and made a fortune. None of his children have I ever seen, but I have heard of them as highly respectable in later years. His hair was very dark.

Mary Hunter, much older than my mother, married Wm. Dearing on Dan River, nine miles from Madison, who was full-handed and respected as a citizen. I was often at his house. He had many children, all of whom went to Alabama when grown and became rich. Aleck and Edmund were my class mates in Horace and Creek Ijora, though they were grown and I was a boy of seventeen only. Aunt Mary was my patient at Madison when she died.

Elizabeth Hunter died before maturity.

The Hunters, as a race, were very unlike the Daltons. Their temperament was nerco-sanguine while the Daltons were of the bilious lymphatic type. ~~They were all tall and moderately thin while the Daltons were, as a type, low, round and rather bulky, and their skin, while fair, by no means rosy like the Hunters. The Hunters were also inclined to dress in observance of fashionable ettiquette, while the Daltons were democratic. The Hunters were grave, dignified and earnest; the Daltons were humorous, witty and familiar at all times. The Hunters were quick and irascible, dangerous when wronged or assailed. The Daltons were patient and forbearing, easy to reconcile. To illustrate the temperament of the Hunters, I will relate an anecdote of my grandfather. About two miles south of his residence, he had erected, at his own expense, a large church or meeting-house, in the pine woods in which he allowed preaching by all demonations provided they should obtain his consent and key, and he would usually attend the service as an auditor. There was an awful controversialist of the Baptist persuasion named William Davis, of Pittsylvania -- very much such a fellow as Martin Luther, I suppose -- who got permission to preach there, and of course my grandfather was there to hear him, not knowing his general character. A large congregation was present to hear the famous champion, and 'The Old Colonel' took his seat as usual, just in front of the pulpit. After reading the text, singing and a long prayer, Davis opened first on the Roman Catholic and dealt them a crushing blow. And that delighted my grandfather as was evident from his manner and the interest he took in the arguement. Next he belabored the Episcopalians, at which he was also pleased. Then the Methodists were dealt with on awful terms of vindicative and ridicule, and that evidently delighted the old gentleman and he even smiled with approval and doubtless had come to the conclusion that Davis was a very great man. But, unfortunately, after leaving the Methodists he immediately pitched into John Knox and his followers and the whole concern and was beginning to immolate them when suddenly my grandfather sprang to his feet, branished~~

his cane and exclaimed in a loud voice ' Come down from there, you lying wretch; he was advancing with uplifted arm, and suiting his act to his words ' I will maul you out ', when old man Crump, sitting near, seized the stick and while they were struggling for it, the old man slid down from the pulpit and walked hastily down the aisle and out the door, shaking off the dust from his feet, I suppose. I will relate another incident equally illustrative. When Andrew Jackson lived and studied law at Guildford Court House where he had hunted and chased fox with my grandfather for several years, and they were very intimate and friendly. It so happened that one mild, beautiful evening in 1815 my grandfather, his overseer, Capt. Ward, brother Sam and myself, a boy 9 years old. were sitting on the south piazza discussing plantation affairs at a time when everybody was on tiptoes to hear from New Orleans, supposed to be in grave danger of capture by Packingham and our little army captured, which was commanded by General Jackson. Suddenly a man, well mounted, flung open the big gate on the hill, and, without taking time to shut it, came galloping down the hill toward the yard gate; and as he came my grandfather recognized him as Alexander Strong Martin and exclaimed: ' It is Alex Martin. Bad news, I fear. Some of the kin are dead. ' IN an instant Alex Martin pulled up at the yard gate, and waving his hat cried out ' General Jackson met the British below New Orleans, killed Packingham and 8,000 men, losing but one man.'

I the twinkling of an eye the old man rose to his feet, jumping, curvetting and lamming the floor with his cane ' Damn the British. Andy Jackson, I always knew he would be a great man some day. I knew if Andy Jackson ever met them he would give them hell. Hurrah for Andy Jackson.' I was so alarmed that I jumped out on the grass, while my grandmother ran out beseeching my brother and Ward to hold him, but not until he had broken his cane and exhausted himself. In the next moment he was lying on my grandmother's bed scarcely able to breathe; and then I left for home, in great trepidation to tell the news. I remember that grandmother was deeply concerned afterward, fearing that he had lost his religion.

This epitome of my family history is done, and though labor has been pleasant, I have shed many tears in passing over the scenes and associations of my early career, surrounded by the living, loved ones who were then a part of my very existence. And as I have wept over the dear objects of my youthful affections, now silent in the bosom of death, the sweet home of my childhood has loomed up in my view with all vivid reality of its once living charms.

I have stood again on those lofty hills in magic view of the Pilot. Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains, pointing heavenward ~~proclaiming~~ to proclaim the glory and majesty of God, and lived over again the purest and happiest years of my life; for there, in that beautiful, sequestered place, I experienced the joys, the loves, the sorrows and the aspirations of my youthful heart; and there, since Time has whitened my locks, and old age is quenching the fires of my life, my mind often dwells with holy and religious feeling among the scenes, incidents and friends of my childhood.

January 28, 1878
Neosha, Mo.

Mrs. M. L. Broadnax:

By your request, my darling Lou, I have written these reminiscence of our family in much haste, my pen moving in according with the emotion of my mind which varies as the nature of the subject changes; hence the chirography is imperfect and the spelling often wrong. But you make out to read it and I hope it will please you; therefore, I am more than paid for my trouble.

Yours affectionate father

Robert H. Dalton

Photocopy of narrative of Dr. Robert Hunter Dalton

paid by check

total

12 00

4 00

8 00

~~★~~ NOTE: Credit must be given to the Missouri Historical Society for use made of this material in any manuscript or printed work.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Keep This Itemized Statement for Your Records